

The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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JESTES COBB, JR., EDITOR.

TERMS.

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March 30, 1857.

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Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
W. C. BROWN, a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856.

EDWARD MUSSEY
Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

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April 29, 1857.

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POETRY.

For The Register.

Flowers.

I love the little flowers that spring
"Mid April's sunny weather,
Then I know 'tis time for the birds to sing,
And the frost to quit the heather;
Then I know 'tis time for the bees to hum,
And the grass to grow green in the meadow;
Then I know 'tis time for the leaves to come
And play with sun and shadow.

I love the rose and the myrtle blue,
The pink and the apple blossom,
I love the lilac of purple hue,
And the hilly's snowy bloom.
Then I love the columbine on the hill,
And the gold-cups that wave in the hollow;
I love the Delays that grow by the rill,
And dance to the singing swallow.

I love the tiny violet blue,
With eyes of modest azure,
For it breathes a feeling of happy rest,
A feeling of humble pleasure;
And I sometimes think when the sun is set,
And the stars in his place are given,
That good angels like the sweet violet
To make it speak of heaven.

The flowers, the flowers, what types they are
Of the frailty of mankind!
One moment their blossoms are bright and fair,
Then scatter'd away by the wind.
O'er'er forget that the blush which to-day
Is brightening our faces as ever,
With to-morrow's light may fade away
And be lost to the earth forever.

ORWELL, VT. S. E. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Man Courting his own Wife.

Two years ago M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants of the city; but by a reverse of fortune he was compelled to suspend payment soon after his marriage. He loved his wife to distraction, to use a common phrase; and the idea of involving her in his disasters greatly afflicted him. After a thousand internal conflicts, M. V. resolved to leave his city without saying anything about it. He wished her to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, "to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die without giving any account of myself."

His resolution taken, our tradesman embarked clandestinely, and eight days after his flight, he was not thought of. Madame V. wept, we are fair to suppose, more than this, we will believe she shed torrents of tears, and sought him upon rivers, and in woods, lakes and caverns, but in vain. M. V. had left to his beautiful but weeping and forlorn wife an income of a hundred louis, and sailed for Australia. What befel him upon those favored shores we do not well know; but little by little he amassed wealth.

At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly; and she saw, undoubtedly, that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and dimmed her eyes; therefore she ceased all sweetly, her role of Nibbs. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen; the art of needlework is too perfect now; are not men entangled with it? She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months; but she then died what others might have done in her place. Thinking herself young, the least her ear to tender proposals; she reviewed her geography of love, confessed to never having studied the map of the tender country; and one morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He? ah, he was dead. What living husband would stay away eighteen long months without writing a word? If he was not dead he ought to be; (feminine logic) She married. Was she happy, or was she not?—(Shakespearean question.)

Meantime, her first husband labored in the mines. He acquired, acquired—always acquired. Falling upon an auriferous vein he suddenly obtained a large sum, and had his only motive been the love of gain, he would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louisa must eat only from silver and drink only from gold.

The unfaithful Louisa, as we have already said, was again married. Faith does not save us; M. V. always labored, but an epidemic prevailed; our hero caught the small-pox and was completely disfigured—Disgraced with Australia he sold his property and embarked on an American ship.

During this voyage, the second husband of his wife died with the consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, flew to Montreal, went to the Montreal House, without arousing any suspicion as to how he was. There are people who always love to create surprise, and he was one of them. He inquired for Madame V. no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally he was told by some one that she was now the widow of S. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame widow V. afterwards Madame widow S. and he recognized his wife, charming as when he left her. M. V. immediately fell into a brown study. His countenance was grave sad, very sad very gloomy; and thus he turned away. M. V. had more spirit than money; and he found it very strange to pay his addresses to his own wife. But he did it; he courted his own wife for three months—He recognized her; did she recognize him? It is more than we know; we leave the dames who read this to solve the problem. He was introduced with all his pounds, shillings and pence. People will admire pounds sterling, and dollars federal, and women above all. Though scoured and pitted from head to foot with the small-pox, M. V. won the heart of his wife. They were to exchange the

second marriage rings, when M. V. presented to her the same one he had given her at their first espousal.—The woman, they say, fainted.—*Montreal Pilot*

A Gambler.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating which refers to a Mr. Porter a gentleman, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we will call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try and retrieve his losses and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nervous for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery or fight with him. His proposition was this:

That his carriage and horse, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate, and furniture—in short all he had in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown in a single cast. No persuasion could prevail with him to depart from this purpose. He threw and lost: then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal street, without house or home, or any creditable means of support. Thus beggared he retired into an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the maker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a lively stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities. He expended five in procuring decent apparel: with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years, in abject poverty, died a ragged beggar in Saint Giles.

FRENCH POLITESS.—Every one must be struck with French politeness on his first introduction to Paris. If one jostles you in the street, he smiles, and bows, and says "Pardou," so apologetically, and so politely, that you could excuse him if he had trod on your corns, or knocked off your hat. If you buy the smallest article from a grisette in a shop, or at a window, when you pay her, she says "mercie," with such a winning smile, and in a tone so bland and dove-like, that you really feel like buying something else. If you ask any one in the streets or at a shop door the way to the Madeleine, to Notre Dame, to the Boulevards, or to your hotel, he will not tell you but will probably walk a square or two with you, to put you in the right direction. First impressions here are favorable and pleasant. Everything has a cheerful aspect and everybody seems to be gay and happy. There may be, and doubtless is, an immense amount of the most shocking and degrading forms of immorality in Paris, but it does not show itself in the streets. No one will see it, at least in its grosser forms, unless he goes in pursuit of it. There is far less that is immodest, vulgar, coarse and profane, with perhaps, one individual exception, in the streets of Paris, than meets the eye in the streets and public places of New York, Liverpool or London. There are all the outward forms and appearances of the highest degree of decorum, modesty and chastity. Nor is there any annoyance from beggars here. I have not seen one in the streets. Indeed, no one is allowed to beg publicly. It is not a matter of surprise that strangers generally are pleased with Paris. Surface views are all prepossessing. The glittering shops on the Boulevards, and the gay and fashionable groups that linger at the show-windows or saunter on the sidewalks; the shining and flashing carriages, with beautiful horses, sparkling harness, and servants in livery, rolling noiselessly over the marble-like pavement, with the gayest of the fair sex, magnificently attired, reclining in a sort of luxurious indolence upon the richly embroidered cushions; the swarms of happy faces that meet the eye in the public gardens and in the Champs Elysees; the thousands of curious and attractive articles everywhere exhibited for sale, and the novel and ingenious contrivances to make money, all have a charm, and invest the great city with a fascination that amounts almost to an enchantment.

That the influence of Paris is felt all over Europe there can be no doubt; and if this influence were for the moral and religious improvement of the continent it would be a most pleasing reflection. If Paris had a sanctified press, and through the unnumbered channels by which she is diffusing a moral poison, she were sending out the streams of a pure and purifying literature, and disseminating a healthful tone of morality, it would indeed, be a subject of the most devout gratitude. But the reverse of this is true. Her press is most licentious, and the natural instincts of poor fallen humanity is the only recognized standard of morals among the masses of the people. Hence the influence of Paris is almost omnipotent for evil. She is the acknowledged mistress of fashion; and Parisiennes; Paris hats, gloves and

bonnets; Paris boots, slippers and stockings; Paris attitudes, bows and manners; Paris cafes, restaurants and shops; in a word, everything, *a la Paris* is the *ton* in all parts of Europe.

Bathing.

Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over; and whether in Summer or Winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day, unless by the advice of a family physician. Many a man, in attempting to cheat his doctor out of a fee, has cheated himself out of his life; aye, it is done every day.

The best, safest, cheapest and most universally accessible mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing with soap, warm water, and hog's hair brush, is as follows: As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; then, in the same basin of water, put your feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, mouth shut, breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes.

At night when you go to bed, and whenever you get out of bed during the night, or when you find yourself wakeful or restless spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands, as far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which too frequent washings of the skin will always destroy.

That precautions are necessary, in connection with the bath-room, is impressively signified in the death of an American lady of refinement and position, lately, after taking a bath soon after dinner, of Surgeon Hume, while alone in a warm bath; and of an eminent New Yorker, under similar circumstances, all within a year.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE AFFECTIONS OF THE HORSE.—Riding in a stage, a short time since, over the hills of Western Pennsylvania, I asked the privilege of riding out with the driver. This, in pleasant weather, and in a strange country, is my favorite seat. Many think it a disgrace to sit out with the driver; but often I find philosophy guiding the horses of a public stage.

If a passenger politely ask the privilege of riding out with the driver it will be as politely granted, and no situation is so favorable for learning the local and most interesting history of the country through which a traveller is passing.

"That near horse," said I, "is a fine animal."

"Yes," said he; "if I had his mate, money could not purchase them. How old do you think he is?"

"Probably eight or nine years old," said I.

"He is twenty-four," said he; "I have driven him nine years on this route. His mate was just like him; they have grown up together from colts; always worked together, and stood in the same stable. No person ever appeared to think more of a friend, or even a child, than those horses did of each other. If one was absent for a night or a day, the other whined, and looked and moved about the stable, calling for his absent friend. Last winter," said he, "this mate died. Since then he has been constantly mournful and unhappy. He is constantly calling for his mate, when in the stable; and he will not permit any other horse to occupy the place of his companion in the stable. In all other places he is quiet and gentle, but will allow no one to be a companion at the stable where he had so often and so long enjoyed the society of his departed companion. But he is failing fast," said my friend; "he is evidently pining away with grief, and poor old Jim will soon join his mate in another, and I hope and believe, a higher state of existence."

"Why," said I, "do you believe a horse has a conscious existence after death?"

"Certainly I do," said he. "I have the same evidence of it I have that I shall exist. Have I love? So has a horse. Have I affection, sympathy, memory, mind, reason? So has a horse. Call it instinct, if you please—I call it reason. True, a horse has not the organs of mathematical calculation; but many human beings are as destitute of them as a horse; and certainly they are not necessary to a future existence. It is the moral faculties that will survive the grave. In those, old Jim is pre-eminent. Does any one love his friend? Certainly not better than Jim does his. Does any one strive to do his duty? Jim is a pattern of obedience. Does any one remember and mourn for his loved ones? Poor old Jim is going down sorrowing to the grave, for his loved mate!"

Here my companion brushed a tear from his eye, as he related up to the post office in Mercer County, and delivered his mail.—*Paris Farmer.*

Gen. Lee one day found Dr. Cutting the army surgeon, who was a handsome dresy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass.

"Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

"Why General?"

"Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

The Sun's Light and Heat.

Mr. John Wise the astronomer, who has acquired some fame as a meteorologist, gives in his address to the theory which has recently been broached, that the sun supplies light and heat by the combustion of meteoric bodies which come with in the sphere of its attraction and fall upon its surface. In a letter to the *Scientific American* he gives a more lucid argument in favor of this strange theory than we have before seen. He says:

"This philosophy of the world holding its own is very good, so far as our age and century is endowed; but this philosophy is even better sustained when applied to the great universe. Even there the scrutiny of man discovers change. The Empires overlap their annual periods. Stars have appeared in vacant places, and stars have disappeared. Stars have burned up—evaporated, philosophers tell us. A zodiacal ring is developing itself around our earth. Asteroids are coming to light yearly. Comets appear that we know nothing of, and comets that have been seen have left us and never yet returned. Meteor showers have appeared as regular as thunder showers, and indeed, we might amplify upon change in the universe in the same ratio that we beheld change upon our planet."

Thus we may inductively reason that change is going on in the universe of matter connected with our solar system, and therefore deduce that the sun is a globe of liquid fire, kept up by matter supplied from the innumerable masses that float through space in the condition of nebulous vapor, meteors, and comets. Nebulous vapor may be acting the part in the atmosphere of the universe that water and air are acting in the atmosphere of our earth.

Magnetic changes in the solar universe may bring about meteoric showers, and meteoric showers may produce comets. When these comets are formed, like rain-drops in the earth's atmosphere, they will obey that active law of gravitation which draws them to, or towards an organic nucleus. Actively gravitating (i. e. moving matter) must move in curves hyperbolic, parabolic, or elliptic. Celestial bodies never partake of a purely circular motion, nor of a purely spherical form.

From these known laws of matter we can rationally deduce a hypothesis that will account for the sun's ability to light and heat her family of orbs without suffering a sensible diminution of its powers. The sun exhalates on its hot and light surface heat and light vibrations, fire, fluids, decomposes, and brings in its train change of change of change. And so with its whole family of orbs. These changes on the sun's exhalate from them magnetic clouds which are dissipated into the atmosphere of the solar universe, where they are wrought by magnetic storms into showers of meteors, which are rained into the sun, as rain drops fall upon our earth. These meteor showers may at times pass so near a planet as that some portion of them curve into its atmosphere, where, from their impact under high velocities they are ignited. A magnetic storm of meteors may be so intense as to consolidate its partially condensed matter into a cometic mass, sufficient to give said mass a momentum, and hence a gravitating property sufficient to give it organic system, so as to endow it with a quasi-planetary habitude. Comets may be formed of so rare a body as not to be sufficient in momentum to overcome the sun's attraction, and thus, instead of an elliptical or parabolic sweep round the sun, fall into it as fuel. When the comet is dense enough to hold space out of the sun in its sweep round it, it may go to some other sun, and perform its curve around that, and so on, until its eccentric consolidation, and momentum bring it to that condition and order as to fit it for an organic orb in the family of a solar system, to take the routine of change which the Creator has so impressively stamped on all matter."

A SELL.—Last Tuesday night a party of young men were having a merry time in the office of the Bay State Hotel, Worcester. As it was near midnight, the clerk went out to the Register, Wednesday May 27th. A gentleman connected with a panorama, who was one of the party, took the pen and wrote in a plain bold hand, Franklin Pierce, Concord, N. H.

Early next morning, one of the editors of the "Bay State" newspaper chanced to be in the Hotel. He saw the name on the book "Franklin Pierce!" he exclaimed, "his own signature, too, by heaven!" For a short time the enthusiastic editor gazed admiringly upon the signature and then rushed to the office to make the announcement to the public. Consequently the following item appeared in the Bay State.

"Ex-President Franklin Pierce passed through town this morning on his way to Nashua. He looked more hale and hearty than when we last saw him."

This was good—but not equal to the paragraph that appeared in the Worcester Spy on Thursday, viz:

"Ex-President Pierce passed through the city yesterday morning on his way to Nashua and Concord. He did not appear to attract much attention. His sun is set!"—*Gazette.*

Learn to say "No," with decision; and "Yes," with caution—"No," with decision, whenever it resists a temptation; "Yes," with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can implicitly rely upon him.

Genius undeveloped is no more genius than a tunnel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A list of ten vessels which have been recently purchased, in New York and other ports, for slave trade, has just been published, and the fleet now employed on the coast of Africa in this business, is stated to be 150 sail. The great demand for slaves and the high price paid for them, have caused this activity in the trade, notwithstanding the danger with which it is surrounded. One of the British armed vessels recently found the remains of ten vessels off a single landing point on Cuba, burned to the water's edge, after having discharged their cargoes, the vessels being of little account compared with the slaves.

Owing to the efforts made to suppress the slave trade, the price of slaves has declined on the African coast, and risen in the slave holding countries. The price of negroes on the coast, purchased of the chiefs, is said, is as low as \$10 to \$50, while they are sold readily in Cuba at an average price of \$100. The speculators in Georgia have also made a great deal of money. They bring them from China to Cuba, and the planters buy their services, paying to the speculators about \$5000 a head, and assuming all the liabilities and responsibilities of the contract to provide a monthly stipend for them and return them to the land of their adoption.

Very few however ever go back and there does not seem to be much prospect of suppressing the slave or Cuban traffic while there is so great a call for slave labor products, and such enormous profits in these voyages.

In view of the absolute necessity the world has for the labor of the African and Asiatic races, in the service of the products which they only can cultivate, we do not see any reason why the maritime nations of the world should not combine, encourage, and regulate emigration, protect the emigrant after he reaches his new home, and make the whole business as safe, as free, and as profitable and beneficial to both the new and the old world, as is the emigration from over-peopled Ireland and Germany.—*Traveller.*

A NEW WAY TO EFFECT SALES.—The Baltimore Weekly Dispatch says some of the clothing dealers in Centre Market Square have a way of securing sales occasionally, which savors strongly of rascality and the drop game. They place in the coat pocket an old parchment stuffed with paper; a customer comes along inquiring for such a vestment. The dealer, if he judges his customer of the right stripe, after leaving several coats at last says: Here is a coat we made for a gentleman he wore it one day and sent it back; it was too small for him—try it on. All it fits first rate—like it was made for you. It is well made, buttons sewed on strong with strong pockets. The customer puts his hands into the pocket to try them when his fingers come in contact with the pocket book. His imagination is kindled with the idea of appropriating the supposed treasure. "How much did you say that coat was?" he eagerly asks. "The dealer names a good round price. 'It suits me—I'll take it,' is the quick reply. The money is paid, the self-lured customer walks off triumphantly with his supposed prize, not stopping to hear the suppressed chuckle of the dealer as he looks after him out of the corner of his eye.

The issue can be guessed—the covetous buyer finds out there is a difference between paper and paper money, and is both enraged and mortified to find that his own dishonest avarice has led him to pay an extravagant price for a worthless article that fits him as badly as he is ashamed to wear it. Unhappy, however, his greediness is of a deeper shade than ordinary, he is careful not to mention it, even to his most intimate friends.

WESTERN CLIMATE.—That fever and ague is a strange thing after all! He still continues. It arises from the sudden changes of the weather and the poisonous night air. The night air is very bad out west. It is of a very dark color and has a bad taste in the mouth, a good deal like French brandy, besides being very hard to breathe. A friend of mine who has traveled extensively in the west, assured me that he had been in a great many places out in the back woods, where the night air was so long that they had to chew it before it could be breathed. I should not have believed it if he had not been a man of the strict veracity, and I had not myself known that in some places, especially St. Louis, they have to chew the water before they can drink it. But the climate is the worst. It embraces the temperature of the north pole and equatorial line. They call zero nothing, and in summer large bodies of men are dissolved. You have no conception of how cold it is there sometimes; I have very often had a bottle of brandy frozen hard in my pocket, and a cousin of mine who is afflicted with the dropsy, is actually frozen solid several times every winter, while in summer he has to be kept in a barrel. Rivers are very often frozen in their beds, and the whole winter season is one perpetual fall of hail, snow, ice and thermometers. It is just the very opposite in summer months, when the mercury is never below Fahrenheit. In the south I have very often known the front part of a hotel to be red hot, and on one occasion I remember a poor negro (who had been working in the sun a very hot day) actually melted, and lay in a puddle on the floor; they seemed to think nothing of it, but gathered him up the best way they could, and used him for stove blacking.

—As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

OBITUARY POETRY.—The elegiac verses in the Public Ledger will be the death of us yet. The following lines appear in the paper for Thursday, Feb. 24:

"Oh! dry your tears and shed no more,
Because your husband has gone before—
In love he lived, in peace he died,
His life was asked but was denied.

Oh! happy husband, how fast you go,
And leave me here behind—
Don't stop for me for now I see
The Lord is just and kind."

The last verse conveys the idea that the deceased had gone off to the other world by the fast train, whilst his wife had missed the cars—which is absurd.—*Philo. Dispute*

A THICK HEADED HUSBAND.—A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church, to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dame was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows:—

An angel came down from heaven
and took a live coal from the altar.—*Ira.*

"Well, let us have the text," replied the good woman.

"Know every word," replied her husband.

"I am anxious to hear it," continued his wife.

"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear."

"Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem," said the husband, clearing out his throat. "An Ingen came from New Haven, and took a live coal by the tail and jerked him out of the halter."

A GOOD 'UN.—A "Green Mountain Boy" tells the following apocryphal anecdote, and which he says, is authentic:

"Roswell F.—a Vermont lawyer of distinguished ability, now residing in St. Louis and in the first rank of the bar at Missouri, had brought a suit in court which was really so plain a case for the plaintiff, that, having submitted the papers and other proofs to the court, he felt that his client's interest really required no more, and he accordingly withdrew his case from the court, leaving an opening address to the jury. But the defendant's counsel, more ambitious of rhetorical display, and probably more conscious that the defence required the best abilities, rose and made a long harangue, characterized by an immense flood of pompous words, (as was his custom,) but destitute even of an attempt at logic or reasoning of any kind. When he had done, the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose and merely said: 'May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury—in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for the defense, and submit the case without argument.'"

DESCRIPTION OF ONE'S OWN WEDDING.—McCarthy, the facetious editor of the Bardonia (Ky.) Gazette, was married last week. We are indebted to his own pen for the following description of the party:

"During our visit to Bullitt county, we heard of a party, and concluded to attend. Have an indistinct memory of a ceremony having transpired where sundry persons were assembled; where a dignified gentleman in vestments asked a nervous gentleman in spectacles if he was willing to do so for the future in regard to a figure under a veil in his vicinity, and the nervous gentleman very emphatically promised everything asked of him; and then similar promises were exacted of the veiled figure; after which there was shaking of hands among the men folk, and much kissing among the women folks—followed by cutting of cake, popping of champagne bottles, music and dancing, and so forth. Altogether the party was a pleasant one."

WORMY APPLES.—Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season to see if I could stop